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K O S S U T H.



IN many respects the most remarkable man of our day, in Europe, is Kossuth, the master spirit of the Hungarian revolt against Austria.

He was born in a little village of the north of Hungary, April 27, 1806, of a poor but noble family of Slavonian origin. His father acted as steward to another nobleman of more favored circumstances but was not able, it seems, to support his son at the university. The application and talents of the latter, however, found him friends, who not only enabled him to finish his studies, but also continued to assist him subsequently.

He was educated as a lawyer, and was, therefore,

fitted by early training to head a movement whose object was the maintenance of legal and constitutional rights. Persecuted as a journalist for his defence of some young men accused of high treason, illegally arrested, and condemned to a long imprisonment, he became a martyr, pointed out by the Austrian government itself as a leader of the coming revolution.

After an imprisonment of some years, he reappeared as the promoter of many plans for the material improvement of his country, such as the projected railway to connect the Danube with their port of Fiume, on the Adriatic; thus seeking to

release and give a vent to its pent-up forces. In 1847 he was elected deputy to the Diet, and became the leader of the opposition. In April, 1848, he was appointed minister of Finance. When the war with Jellachich broke out, he was elected president of the committee of defence.

His influence over his countrymen has been immeasurable. In spite of defeats and the occupation of the capital by the enemy, he was enabled in the face of an overpowering force, to collect an army of 200,000 men, whom he had inspired with enthusiasm by his eloquence, and supplied by his indefatigable activity with all the material of war. By taking advantage of undeveloped resources, by the establishment of magazines and manufactories, by carefully organizing the forces of the country, he was enabled to maintain these supplies.— Although himself ignorant of war, his genius enabled him to select from the crowd those generals, many of them as yet untried, whose battles were a series of triumphs. Perhaps there does not exist in Europe another statesman so profoundly acquainted with the wants and prejudices of his country men, or whose ambition so entirely represents their cause.

When Hungary was invaded by Jellachich, in September, 1848, and 50,000 armed men were collected in a fortnight, in the neighborhood of Stuhlweissenburg, to repel the aggression, Kossuth issued a proclamation, from which we extract the following sentences:

"It is an eternal law of God, that whosoever abandoneth himself will be forsaken by the Lord.— It is an eternal law that whosoever assisteth himself him will the Lord assist. It is a divine law that false swearing, by its results, chastiseth itself. It is a law of our Lord's that whosoever availeth himself of perjury and injustice, prepareth himself for the triumph of justice. Standing firm on these eternal laws of the universe, I swear that my prophecy will be fulfilled—it is, that the freedom of Hungary will be effected by this invasion of Hungary by Jellachich."

This proclamation, which electrified the people to whom it was addressed, concludes in a style not unworthy an eastern prophet, nor unsuited to the genius and origin of his race, by these words:—"Between Vespriinn and Weissenburg, the women shall dig a deep grave, in which we will bury the name, the honor, the nation of Hungary, or our enemies. And on this grave shall stand a monument inscribed with a record of our shame, 'So God punishes cowardice;' or we will plant on it the tree of freedom, eternally green, from out of whose

foliage shall be heard the voice of God speaking, as from the fiery bush to Moses, 'The spot on which thou standest is holy ground'; thus do I reward the brave. To the Magyars, freedom, renown, well-being, and happiness."

His speeches in the Diet were of another kind.—In these we find the lucid exposition, the cool reasoning, and large views of the statesman. In these he ever stands forth as much the resolute opponent of communistic violence as of military despotism.

That he is an Orator, inferior to few men, living or dead, the following from a foreign correspondent indicates:

"The effect of his oratory is astonishing.—When he rises to speak, his features, finely moulded, and of an oriental cast, though pale and haggard, as from mental and physical suffering united, immediately excite interest. His deep toned, almost sepulchral voice, adds to the first impression. Then, as he becomes warmed by his subject, and launches into the enthusiastic and prophetic manner peculiar to him, his hearers seem to imbibe all the feelings that so strongly reign in his own bosom, and to be governed by the same will. In his tour through the provinces to raise the landsturm (all the able-bodied,) so great was his power over the peasantry, that frequently men, women, and children together, running to their homes, and seizing hooks, or whatever their hands could find, assembled on the spot, and insisted on being led directly against the enemy."

Such orators become the highest of human agencies in concentrating the power of a nation, and thus Hungary is fully aroused from her centre to her farthest limits.

TALES.

From the Portland Eclectic.

NOW AND THEN.

A TALE OF A GOOD TIME COMING.

IT was in the year nineteen hundred and one, and as Edgar A. Poe would express it, "in the bleak December." The night wind moaned drearily through the "tall ancestral trees" that surrounded the elegant and substantial dwelling of Mr. Livingston, who was sitting in his parlor, and looking round upon his happy family with the complacency of a man who is conscious of possessing all the comforts, and many of the luxuries, of the refined and intelligent age in which his lot was happily cast. He spoke to his daughter Augusta, a beautiful, intelligent girl of some twelve or fifteen years, and asked her to place the last paper upon the table.

"If you please, pa," said Augusta, "grandpa has promised to tell us some stories of old times, if you could omit your reading for the evening."

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear. I shall be happy if your grandpa thinks proper to entertain us with some descriptions of Puritan times and manners."

"Then you was, a Puritan, grandpa," said Laura.

"I was not a Puritan, my child," said her grandpa, "but was called a descendant of the Puritans; and their customs and manners, which differed greatly from those of the present day, I can well remember."

"Please, grandpa," said little George, "did you not promise to tell us how they warmed and lighted their houses, and how they travelled in those days?"

"Yes," said Laura, and how the ladies used to dress."

"And did not the ladies *always* wear the frock and trowsers, and the loose hat that we do?" inquired Augusta.

"So far from that, said her grandpa, "that, previous to the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, they wore articles of dress now entirely unknown to the ladies' wardrobe. And I well remember how the boys used to run and shout after the ladies who first appeared in the street in the present dress, which was then called the Bloomer costume."

"They opposed the new dress, then?" said Laura.

"Opposed it—yes. It met with the same opposition that all real improvements have always met with at the hands of ignorance and prejudice. It seems that in all ages it has been the fate of the real benefactors of mankind, to meet with ridicule and scorn, if nothing worse, before their names have been permanently recorded in the book of fame."

"But what *did* they wear, grandpa?" said Laura.

"Instead of the present loose frock and trowsers, which fashion and common sense alike sanction, they wore a long, trailing dress, fastened very closely round the chest, and falling to the feet."

"How very filthy such a dress must have been. I am sure we should think one wanting in the neatness which becomes a woman, who should dress thus," said Laura.

"But," said Augusta, "how could they breathe?"

"That, my child, was a secret which they kept to themselves. The doctors could never find out. With your knowledge of Physiology, you may well suppose the process of respiration was but imperfectly carried on; and, indeed, their pale faces and slender forms plainly showed that it must be so. The subject was a sort of forbidden ground to speak or write upon. Few physicians had the courage to tell their consumptive patients the cause of the disease that was preying upon their vitals. Many of the gay and beautiful found a premature grave, no doubt, from that cause alone—that of dressing too tightly."

"But some die of consumption now-a-days, grandpa. Did not Charles Fremont, whose funeral we attended last week, die of consumption?"

"No doubt there are other causes of the disease; and perhaps somewhat of the effects of their habits may descend to their posterity at this day; but the number of deaths from that disease is not one tenth so many as in those times. The reason is to be found, no doubt, in the fact, that every young person is educated in the science of Physiology and of the laws of life and health. The habits and practices consequent upon such an education tend to promote, instead of injuring the general health. Then, it was thought sufficient if the doctor understood anatomy and physiology: now, every schoolboy of a dozen years understands them.—The practice of singing, too, as it is now everywhere taught in our common schools, has probably assisted to produce a healthy state of the lungs."

"What did the women wear upon their heads, grandpa?" said Laura.

"They wore what was called a bonnet; and that, too, fitted closely to the head, and covered it all but the face, and was not much calculated to promote the health and comfort, or add to the beauty of the wearer. The hair was not cut close then, as now, but was worn very long, and was braided and fastened upon the top of the head with an instrument called a comb. At the sides of the head it was brought down so as to cover the ears very closely."

"How very odd," said Augusta. "But of what use could it be? Our ears were given us to hear with, were they not?"

"That was not the only thing that would seem odd to you in *manners* as well as dress. You would think the custom an odd one indeed, which would confine the women to the house, and not allow them the freedom of outdoor exercise they now enjoy; and that would deprive them of appearing with the men at political and other meetings."

"Certainly, grandpa," said Augusta; "would it not seem very unsocial and heathenish for the women to go by themselves, and the men by themselves?"

"More than that; if you could but contrast the decency and propriety that characterize our public meetings with the coarseness and rowdiness attending those of my early days, you would think it not the least of the improvements of our time. Nevertheless, it was the fashion of the times; and if any one was found with the hardihood to advocate a custom which is now so universal, he would have had to encounter argument, ridicule and sarcasm. And not the least bitter opposers of what was then called women's rights, were the women themselves—they who were most directly to be benefitted by the proposed change."

"Well, grandpa," said George, "were the method of lighting and warming houses as queer as the ladies' dresses?"

"If you have found anything queer in what I have related, I dare say your organ of mirth will find sufficient exercise when you contrast the present simple means with the ancient cumbrous and laborious modes. When a house was to be built, the first thing to be done was, to lay a solid foundation of stone or bricks—generally in the middle of the house; and upon this was built what was called a chimney of bricks. On the different sides were fireplaces for the different rooms, into which wood or coal was placed and set on fire. Besides the fireplaces, ovens were formed in the body of the chimneys, which were large, hollow spaces used for cooking."

"But, grandpa, where did the wood come from?" said George.

"Large tracts of woodland were kept on purpose to be cut when wanted, and used for fuel. Since then, the lands have been cleared of the trees to be burnt into charcoal for manure, and to make pastures for flocks, and fields for grain."

"How hard they must have worked, to cut so much wood every year," said George.

"Yes, I can assure you it took much time and labor to support the fires, even in one house; to say nothing of the expense of the operatives, and of the fifth attending such a method."

"Were the houses warm as now?" said George.

"That depended upon circumstances. Instead of the equable temperature which electricity diffuses, the temperature was sometimes very high, and then again very low; which, added to the dust of the wood and ashes, produced an unwholesome state of the air. It was a very expensive mode, especially in cities, where the wood had to be brought from a great distance; so much so, that it was almost more than a poor widow could do to keep a fire through the cold winter. Now, for three cents, she can keep a room at summer temperature for many weeks."

"Did they light their houses with electricity, as we now do?" inquired George.

"Light was produced by burning the grease of animals, which was not only filthy and expensive, but unwholesome. The soot proceeding from the combustion of oils arose into the rooms, when it soiled and defaced books and furniture; and at the same time, the carbonic acid, by mixing with the air of the room, had a deleterious effect upon the health. Now, you endure no such inconvenience and discomfort. By simply winding up a small machine, an agreeable light is produced, which may almost vie with the light of day."

"You said, grandpa, the people used to travel on roads made of dirt and gravel, in carriages drawn by horses," said George.

"I should laugh, indeed," said Laura, "to see a horse draw a carriage. Are you serious, grandpa?"

"Indeed I am. That was the only mode before the invention of railroads; and for a long time after, almost all roads were of that kind; as railroads, then, did not go over hills, as now. The motive power, on railroads then, was steam made by heating water in a wood or coal fire; and the machinery was very imperfect compared with what it is now; and no one hardly dreamed that electricity could be so applied to machinery as to propel carriages, especially up and down the steep hills. Horses and steam, as motive powers, have long been laid aside as expensive and inconvenient. Besides, the dangers attending such a mode of travelling, are completely obviated by the present one. To be sure, there were a few men of science who believed electricity could be made available as a motive power; but, as I said before, their ideas only met with ridicule. And the present safe and highly agreeable way of navigating the air by means of a balloon, carried forward and directed by that universal prime mover, electricity, was thought by most men, at the best, but a chimera. To us, it seems simple indeed. When we look back upon those days, we may well rejoice that we live in an age where our time can nearly all be spent in enjoying life, instead of laboring so hard as then, barely to maintain it."

"Another important feature of the present age is, that of the comparatively equal distribution of land, so that all can have a little. Every man has a spot for one fruit tree at least. When the few who first conceived the idea, opposed what they called the land monopoly, men could with difficulty be brought to believe they had the same natural right to the land as to the air and water. And the rich man clung to his acres with a deadly grasp. But it was all in vain.—The philosophers of the time never gave over speaking and writing in favor of equal rights, till truth and reason have completely triumphed over selfishness and base cupidity."

"Thus you see, my dears, the privileges we possess beyond the age in which I was born—an age that bids fair to realize the theories of the philosophers, of the infinite perfectibility of the human race—theories which were regarded by enemies to the progress of the human race, as formed merely to amuse their authors in the contemplation of their beauty. Science, in its onward march, had already equalized, in a measure, the knowledge and the wealth of mankind; consequently, the genuine principles of social happiness have received a development and a kind of demonstration unknown to former ages; and every day brings forth something to enlarge the boundary of our hopes."

G. W. G.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

SYLVAN PENCILINGS.

BY PETER SYLVAN.

Number Three.

ZEPHYR descended from her cerulean throne, lightly to breathe upon the beautiful things of our beautiful world. It was the hour of evening. The time of rest had come, the season sacred to solemn contemplation, when fairy spirits lend a holy charm to the vales, and the Vesper star looks down from her chamber of glory and renders inexpressibly sublime the scenery of the mountains.

Then, straying from the goodly city, Poeticus, the Sylvanite, enjoyed an excursive ramble in the forest near the south eastern precincts thereof.

How pleasant with social company, to wander hither and thither along the banks of a graceful streamlet of the glen. Noiselessly its limpid water speeds its way towards the great river. If a pebble chance to lie below the clear surface, oh! how elegantly the brooklet glideth above its innocent form. Admirers of the beautiful! was that pebble made in vain? Without the sweet little eddy its presence creates, we might not observe the onward tendency of the pellucid liquid. So it is with the flight of time. Days and weeks and months, it is true, would pass away; but should we become aware of the fact, were it not for the diurnal rotation and annual revolution of the orbs? Nay! otherwise periods, probably, would be unknown. We might live and live, and age might steal upon us; and yet not a thought relating to life's end might ruffle the spirits's waveless tide, until the meandering stream of existence be just ready to commingle with that ocean the surges of which wash the shores of Eternity.

Oh listen! Hear ye not a strain of music from Nature's grand orchestra? Ay! we will pause for a moment, our hearts beating in unison with each quavering note. Birds! ye mind me of my childhood's blessed home. Ye bid me think on the happy hours I have there, aforesaid, enjoyed with some of your kindred!

Trees of the wood! how balmy and salubrious is the air that swayeth your boughs. Let not the invalid imagine the presence of deadly malaria, because of the hour. Heed not the idle suggestions of persons whose prejudices would fain deprive you of a healthful pastime.

Believe not that Death's messenger flaps his horrid wings over the spot to which mild evening invites the sons and daughters of men to roam.—No, no. Hygeia extends her hand that she may

conduct every one to the flower-bedecked vale of physical felicity. Therefore, Readers, we will go forth from our close apartments, and, gathering spicy blossoms, listening to artless lays, and inhaling the west-wind's pure oxygen, we may at once feel an exhilarating influence at work on the wearied, debilitated system.

Could I but dwell among the bowers,
And listen to each bird that sings,
With one whose soul, so like the flowers,
About my spirit fondly clings!
Then oft, ye scenes of sweet delight!
The muse might gladly stray,
Prepared for Thought's ideal flight,
As sun-set's glories fade away.

Hudson, June, 1851.

For the Rural Repository.

RAMBLES ABOUT ALBANY.

BY GEO. S. L. STARKS.

IMAGINE yourself, dear reader, an entire stranger to the sights of the Capital, and that we are your Ariadne. Such being the case, we shall expect you to submit without grumbling to our guidance. Let us then set our faces towards the Old State House on State st. Arriving there and passing up stairs, you will see on all sides of you a pretty extensive assortment of the various formations peculiar to different sections of our state.—The Geologist would view these with interest, but the majority of observers hurry off as we will now. Below, you come first to the Agricultural Rooms, where the implements of husbandry, ploughs, rakes, harrows, &c., rule the day. Some of them are of the most recent and approved construction; the use of others dates "far back in ages gone." Of course, the farmer and mechanic would stop to examine the principle, plan, &c.; but that is no reason why we should. Farther on are seen specimens of the cereal and other grasses, appropriately labeled. On one side also, are placed a large number of serpents, *native Americans*, not alive, but preserved in alcohol. Entering another room, you will find yourself surrounded with beasts and birds, all stuffed to be sure. Yes, Ornithology, Zoology, and Entomology too, are well represented here. Over the door of the next room "Indian Curiosities" might be very properly written, as it is devoted principally to the remains of the red man, although a fine cabinet of minerals adorns some portion of it. The gentlemanly keeper will also show you a few live rattlesnakes, and out in the yard two noble eagles, "Tyrants of the wood," some toads, frogs and turtles, if your taste inclines that way.

With this we will leave the State House to itself, and proceed to the State Hall. Where, after thoroughly tiring yourself by running up a long winding stair-case somewhat resembling Paddy's rope, "the other end being cut off," you may sit down on the roof and rest awhile.

But look away in a northerly and westerly direction! Is not that a glorious prospect? How finely look those grand old woods! and lower down, the tiny flowers and the green grassy carpet and the wavy fields of golden grain, concealing the nudity of their mother earth! And farther in the background the glittering spires of Troy shoot upward, flinging back the rays of the sun. If you turn your eyes closer to where you stand, a great city looms out distinctly with its myriads of human beings.

Come, are you not compensated for the trouble of getting here? If not, then we'll away to where the book-worm loves to tarry, over in that building on the summit of which stands Justice with her nicely balanced scales. Why man! you're in the Capitol, whither the Sovereign people send men to make learned speeches for the edification of Buncombe. Ah! this is the door of the Library.—With whom would you converse? Librarian! bring hither the tangible remains of all the great men who have ever lived, and bid them pass before us. There they go,—Milton, Shakespeare, Chatham, Bancroft, Prescott and all the rest, a galaxy of brilliant stars

"Who pour their tide unceasingly along,
A gathering, swelling, overwhelming throng."

These are not all. The manuscripts, paintings and engravings are yet to be seen; besides many costly and valuable articles which they have stowed in some dark, out-of-the-way corner of the garret, snugly packed in dry goods boxes, and all for the want of room elsewhere. But the Legislature have at last waked up to the importance of providing a building large enough for displaying to advantage, the noble tributes which New York has gathered from the expanding fields of Art, Science and Literature. *More anon,*

Albany, June, 1851.

For the Rural Repository.

SPRING.

BY J. D. COLE.

WINTER, sturdy winter, has at last left us, and the welcome refreshing breeze ushers the arrival of Spring.

Animated nature seems to welcome with warm greetings her approach, while the vegetable world are preparing their loveliest attire to swell the graces of her triumph.

Hail! thou loveliest of the seasons! Thy appearance is welcomed by all. Every plant that grows every domestic animal—every insect that sports on the leaf or spray, welcome thy return. Thy praises have been sung by all mankind in every age;—the poet, the divine, the essayist and the philosopher have all contributed their meed of praise.

But of all mankind there is none so much interested in the return of Spring, as the farmer. It is to him the return of pleasing labor and increasing grains. He sees in prospect the rewards of his toil greeting him.

I have often thought that the farmer should be the most pious of mankind and the most imbued with feelings of religious devotion; for there is none in so intimate a connexion with these bounties of an overruling and beneficent Providence, which are strewn broad cast over the country with an unsparing hand.

At every step he takes, he sees proof of a Divinity—every leaf that shoots forth, every bud that bursts its folds, speak plainer than the most emphatic words that—God is here!

"Where sense can reach or fancy rove
From hill to field, from field to grove,
Across the wave, around the sky,
There's not a spot, nor deep nor high
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God."

The mineralogist, the chemist, the botanist or physiologist may admire or wonder at the strange

productions of nature and the living forces which organized them; but the farmer sees these causes in operation around him daily, in the slender wheat as the spreading, sturdy oak. How much more then, should his heart, as a true child of nature, rise from nature up to nature's God!

Spring is the season of flowers, those emblems of innocence beauty, remembrances and loves; they speak a language to every heart, which is pure in its teachings, useful in its dictates and bold in its influence. The flowers are the children of spring; released from their close prison house by her magic wand they come forth to revel and rejoice in the genial and cheering influence of her smiles.

MISCELLANY.

From the Waverley Magazine.

TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT, gentle, soothing twilight! for thee I feel an admiration which pen may not express. Beautiful thought-flowers form in the parterre of Fancy, a labyrinth which Imagination may not be able to penetrate. Yet with longing eye she gazeth into every opening, and ascending Contemplation's fair height, fondly looks down upon all.

Twilight! Reader, art thou pleased with music? Be glad when twilight comes.

Hark! hearest thou that pure, soft strain floating, floating from the dense foliage of the maple grove? Hush! breezes, hush! I would catch that note again. Ah! it is the evening song of some sweet, solitary thrush; alone on his native tree he trills it, receiving answer in rapturing tones from the neighboring woods. How finely, ay! how purely modulated is every sound! Vibrates not the spirit's lyre in sympathetic unison? Beats not the heart with emotion when its chords, its tenderest, sublimest chords, are thus awakened?

Sing away, thrush! and, ye robins and yellow-birds! ye bobolinks and blue-birds! ye larks and linnets! prolong this final chorus of the day. Ye will not afflict our ears! Ye will not ruffle our tranquil minds! Sing away! Ye cause all nature to rejoice with a silent joy; and man, immortal work of God, is carried by the lingering echo on Fancy's pinion to heaven's gate of bliss.

Twilight, charming twilight! Children of nature, are ye fond of the beautiful? Hand in hand we will take a stroll to some scene of rural life.—How pleasant to walk beneath the over-spreading branches of the trees; the oak and the maple, the elm and the beech, preparing their buds for the "glad return of May." Zephyr, bland daughter of Æolus, thou whom poets love to celebrate! breathe, oh! breathe upon our throbbing brows! All day we have been wandering up and down through the crowded thoroughfares of the city. We have strived, we have toiled; but little reward have we gained for our anxiety, other than a fevered brain!

Twilight! thine usually, and especially this night, is an hour sacred to quiet influences. It is well. For we are weary and need rest, rest from the exciting cares of business; rest from the commotion and noise of the public mart: and oh! we would no longer witness the bickerings, the strifes, the wranglings of the contending multitude!

Twilight! How appropriate to meditation.—Seeking some retired place, where thought may

have free scope, disturbed not by aught uncongenial, we scarcely observe the flight of time, though darkness meanwhile descend, and nature glide seemingly into oblivion. Yet, what of that?—Have external things any claim on our attention, now? Ah, no. Seated on a gray "mossy stone," with a grass ottoman for our feet, we soon become lost to the world. We launch out upon the broad sea, and after sailing noiselessly along until we reach the sweet isle of Remembrance, we fasten our skiff to the shore, and disembarking, hasten to the bower of early Recollections. Once more we sit by the firesides of our fathers, and listen to thrilling words uttered by tongues that tremble with age. Eloquently told are stories of Revolutionary prowess and suffering. Fondly dwells the speaker on the glorious achievements which won for Columbia, Liberty, imperishable Liberty!

Now, we seem to be scholars in the dear school where the mind received its first training. The old rock upon which we used to leap in childish glee; and the green lawn where we delighted to skip and run like so many lambskins; the interior of the study-room, with its old fashioned desks, and the beloved classmates all in their respective places; they appear before us as vividly as they would if they had been but things of yesterday.

More. The teacher ever to be respected and loved, walks in and takes his chair, a beaming smile radiating his countenance, and kind words dropping like honey from his lips.

Ye days and scenes of childhood! we bless you. And for the many associations which gather and linger about it, we shall ever regard this, the hour of Twilight.

Twilight! Fit season for devotion! "Retired from every eye," far from the moving crowd, we may bow upon the verdant turf underneath some venerable tree, and pour, with faith-inspired language, the intensest feelings of our souls, into the ear of our divine Father. Have we been visited by adversity? Do pains of body distress? Are we tortured with mental agonies? Let us trust in God, remembering that there is balm in Gilead, and a Physician there. Is the angel of prosperity ever our companion? We may now reverently acknowledge our dependence on the great Cause, and in humility and earnestness of spirit, thank the universal Author for every manifestation of his favor.

Twilight? Nay! it is night. The golden tints that adorned the western horizon, have faded from view. Sweet Luna looks down from her cerulean throne, and smiles benevolently upon the world; whilst a thousand stars behold their bright forms reflected in the rills and the lakelets.

It is night. Readers! wishing you a good evening, uninterrupted rest, and pleasant dreams, I leave you to yourselves and to your own silent reflections.

ISAAC COBB.

RECEIPT FOR POTATO PUDDING.

THE author of the "Widow Bedott" papers, furnished an article for the Saturday Gazette, from which we extract the following mirth-provoking recipe for a potato pudding. Mrs. Mudlaw, we presume, is the cook of Mrs. Philpot, wife of the candidate for congress, and Mrs. Darling is the wife of a worthy mechanic, whose vote Col. Philpot is ambitious to obtain. Mrs. Darling calls upon

Mrs. Philpot, and the latter introduces her to Mrs. Mudlaw, her cook, when the following conversation takes place.

"Miss Philpot says you want to get my receipt for potato pudden."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Darling, "I would be obliged to you for the directions," and she took out of her pocket a pencil and paper to write it down.

"Well, 'tis an excellent pudden said Mudlaw, complacently; "for my part, I like it about as well as any pudden I make, and that's saying a good deal, I can tell you, for I understand making a great variety. 'Taint so awful rich as some, to be sure. Now there's the Cardinelle pudden, and the Washington pudden, and the Lay Fayette pudden, and the—"

"Yes. Mr. Darling liked it very much—how do you make it?"

"Wal, I peel my potatoes and bile 'em in fair water. I always let the water bile before I put 'em in. Some folks let their potatoes lie and sog in the water ever so long, before it biles but I think it spiles 'em. I always make it a pint to have the water bile—"

"How many potatoes?"

"Wal, I always take about as many potatoes as I think I shall want. I'm generally governed by the size of the pudden, I want to make. If it's a large pudden, why I take quite a number, but if it's a small one, why, then I don't take as many. As quick as they're done, I take 'em up and mash 'em as fine as I can get 'em. I'm always very particular about that—some folks aint, they'll let their potatoes be full o'lumps, I never do, if there is any thing I hate, it's lumps in potatoes. I won't have em, Whether I'm mashin' potatoes for puddens or for vegetable use, I mash it till there aint the size of a lump in it. If I can't git it fine without sifting, why, I sift it. Once in a while, when I'm otherways engaged, I set the girl to mashin on't. Wal, she'll give it three or four jams, and come along—Miss Mudlaw is the potatoes fine enough?" Jupiter Rammin! that's the time I come as near gitting mad as I ever allow myself to come, for I make it a pint never to have lumps—"

"Yes, I know it is very important. What next?"

"Wal, then I put in my butter, in winter time I melt it a little, not enough to make it ily, but jest so's to soften it."

"How much butter does it require?"

"Wal, I always take butter accordin to the size of the pudden; a large pudden needs a good sized lump o' butter but not too much. And I'm always particular to have my butter fresh and sweet. Some folks think it's no matter what sort of butter they use for cookin, but I don't. Of all thing I do despise strong, frowy, rancid butter.—For pity's sake have your butter fresh."

"How much butter did you say?"

"Wal, that depends, as I said before, on what sized pudden you want to make. And another thing that regulates the quantity of butter I use is the 'mount o' cream I take. I always put in more or less cream; when I've abundance of it I put in considerable, and when it's scarce, why, I use more butter than I otherwise should. But you must be particular not to get in too much cream. There's a great deal in havin just the right quantity; and

so 't is with all the ingreijences. There aint a better pudden in the world than a potater pudden when it's made *right*, but taint every body that makes 'em right. I remember when I lived in Tuckertown, I was visitin to Squire Humphrey's one time, I went in the first company in Tuckertown—dear me! this is a changeable world.—Wal, they had what they call a potater pudden for dinner. Good land! Of all the puddens! I've often occurred to that pudden since, and wondered what the 'Squire's wife was a thinkin of when she made it. I wa'nt obliged to do such things in them days, and didn't know how. Necessity's the mother of invention. Experience is the best teacher after all—"

"Do you sweeten it?"

"O, yes to be sure it needs sugar, best o' sugar, too, not this wet, soggy, brown sugar. Some folks never think of usin good sugar to cook with, but for my part I won't have no other—"

"How much sugar do you take?"

"Wal, that depends altogether on whether you calculate to have saas for it—some like saas, you know, and then some don't. So, when I don't calculate for saas, I make it sweet enough to eat without saas. Poor Mr. Mudlaw was a great hand for pudden saas. I always made it for him—good rich saas too. I could afford to have things rich before he was unfortunate in business. (Mudlaw went to State's prison for horse stealing.) "I like saas myself, too, and the Curnel and the children are all great at it, though Miss Philpot prefers the pudden without saas, and prehaps you'd prefer it without. If so, you must put in sugar accordingly. I always make it a pint to have 'em sweet enough when they're to be eat without saas."

"And don't you use eggs?"

"Certainly, eggs is one o' the principal ingreijences."

"How many does it require?"

"Wal, when eggs is plenty, I always use plenty, and when they scarce, why, I can do with less, though I'd rather have enough; and be sure to beat them well. It does distress me the way some folks beat eggs. I always want to have 'em thoroughly beat for every thing I use 'em in. It does try my patience most awfully to have any body round me that won't beat eggs enough. A spell ago we had a darkey to help in the kitchen. One day I was making sponge cake, and havin occasion to go up stairs after something, I sot her to beatin the eggs. Wal, what do you think she did! Why, she whisked 'em round a few times, and turned 'em right into the other ingreijences that I'd got weighed out. When I come back and saw what she'd done, my gracious! I came as nigh to losin my temper as I ever allow myself to come. 'Twas awful provoking! I always want the kitchen help to do things as I want to have 'em done. But I never saw a darkey yet that ever done anything right. They're a lazy slaughterin set. To think of her spilin that cake so, when I'd told her over and over agin that I always made it a pint to have my eggs thoroughly beat!"

"Yes, it was too bad. Do you use fruit in the pudding?"

"Wal, that's just as you please. You'd better be governed by your own judgment as to that.—Some like currents and some don't like nary one. If you use raisins, for pity's sake pick out the

stuns. It's awful to have a body's teeth come grindin on to a raisin stun. I'd rather have my ears boxt any time"

"How may raisins must I take?"

"Wal, not too many—it's apt to make the pudden heavy, you know; and when it's heavy it aint so light and good. I'm a great hand—"

"Yes. What do you use for flavoring?"

"There agin you'll have to use you own judgment. Some like one thing and some another you know. If you go the hull-figger on temperance, why, some other kind of flavoring will do as well as wine or brandy, I spose. But whatever you make up your mind to use, be particular to get in a sufficiency, else your pudden will be flat. I always make it a pint—"

"How long must it bake?"

"Wal, that depends a good deal on the heat to your oven. If you have a very hot oven, 'twon't do to leave it in too long and if your oven aint so very hot, why, you'll be necessitated to leave it in longer."

"Well, how can I tell anything about it?"

"Why, I always let 'em bake till I think they're done, that's the safest way. I make it a pint to have 'em baked exactly right. It's very important in all kinds o' bakin—cake, pies, bread, puddens, and everything—to have 'em baked precisely long enough, and just right. Some folks don't seem to have no system at all about their bakin. One time they'll burn their bread to a crisp, and then again it'll be so slack taint fit to eat. Nothing hurts my feelings so much as to see things overdone or slack baked. Here only t'other day, Lorry, that girl Miss Philpot dismissed yesterday, came within an ace o' lettin my bread burn up. My back was turned a minit, and what should she do but go to stuffin wood into the stove at the awfullest rate. If I hadn't found it out jest when I did, my bread would a been spilt as sure as I'm a live woman. Jupiter Rammin! I was about as much decomposed as I ever allow myself to git! I told Miss Philpot I wouldn't stand it no longer either Lorry or me must walk."

"So, you've no rule about baking this pudding?"

"No rule!" said Mudlaw, with a look of intense surprise.

"Yes," said Mrs. Darling, "you seem to have no rule for anything about it."

"No rule!" screamed the indignant cook, starting up, while her red face grew ten times redder, and her little black eyes snapped with rage. "No rule!" and she planted herself in front of Mrs. Darling, erecting her fleshy figure to its full height of magestic dumpiness, and extending the forefinger of her right hand till it reached an alarming propinquity of that lady's nose. "No rules! do you tell me I've no rules! Me! that's cooked in the first families for fifteen years and always gin satisfaction, to be told by such as you that I heint no rule!"

Thus far had Mudlaw proceeded, and I know not what length she would have "allowed herself" to go, had not the sudden entrance of Col. Philpot interrupted her. He being a person of whom she stood somewhat in awe, particularly just at that time, she broke off in the midst of her tirade, and casting a look of ineffable disgust at Mrs. Darling, retreated to her own dominions to vent her fury

upon poor Peggy, who had done everything wrong during her absence.

From the Student.

THE STREAMLET AND THE FLOWERS. AN ALLEGORY.

BY MISS E. V. C.

"If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

IT was a lovely June morning. Spring had just left our latitude, and started upon her mission of love to other lands, leaving her dominion to her less winning, yet more beautiful sister, summer; charging her to complete the good work she had so well commenced.

Spring had woven a carpet of the brightest green for every hill and valley, and commenced upon it an embroidery of varied hues. She had kindly given to every tree, shrub and plant, an entire new suit, of the latest style, from her well-furnished wardrobe.

The birds, too, had shared her attentions, for, at a late concert, they all sported new plumes. It was whispered, however, that the streamlets had been neglected, for they wore the same drab they appeared in years before. Still it was beautiful, for it looked like silver in the sunlight.

The Misses Larkspur declared they would have nothing to say to anybody that ran about in such shabby dresses as the streamlets wore. But the unconscious subjects of these ill-natured remarks danced merrily onward, reflecting every smile which beamed from heaven upon them.

One, in particular, about which I will tell you, and which I shall call Streamlet, hastened, in the gladness of her heart, to congratulate her old friends the Flowers, upon their renewed beauty.

Now, it so happened, that Miss Larkspur was the very first one she met; and when in her simplicity, she offered the accustomed kiss, Miss Larkspur very haughtily drew up her head, and refused to receive it.

Streamlet, with mingled grief and surprise, went sobbing on her way. Her first impulse was to withdraw the sustenance she had so long yielded the ungrateful one; but, fearing to depart from the straight and narrow way she had so long pursued, she knew not what to do. However, she concluded to ask the advice of her confidential friends.

The Weeping Willow was first in her way, so to her the sad tale was soon made known. The Willow said nothing; but, drooping pensively upon the Streamlet's bosom, they mingled their tears. Streamlet, of course, received counsel from her many friends, various as the natures of those who proffered it.

Miss Peony showed contempt of Miss Larkspur's caprice by a frown. Miss Water-lily whispered, "Be silent, and let it pass." Miss Hellebore exclaimed, "It is a scandal; I would have nothing more to do with her, and would tell her so, too." Miss Honeysuckle, overhearing, bade Streamlet "seek not a hasty answer."

But Miss Myrtle decided the matter; for Streamlet loved her, because her language always showed forth the "beauty of holiness." Her advice was given in a few words, for all she said was, "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink."

These words were gladly heard by Streamlet, being in perfect accordance with her own gentle nature; so, bidding her kind friend, Miss Myrtle, good morning, she passed onward.

Streamlet had gone but a short distance when she espied one of that family which had treated her so disdainfully. She was chilled to see no nod of recognition; but, without hesitation, went up and laved her roots—oh, how gently!—and breathed softest murmurs around.

Now all know that the Zephyrs are little busy-bodies, and it is quite impossible for them to keep a secret. They can not know a thing without whispering it to every one they meet. In this case, it happened that one of these wandering whisperers had seen this whole affair, and, upon hearing the resolution of Streamlet to show kindness to her enemy, started off, fast as her wings could carry her, to tell the Misses Larkspur. But she was so eager to repeat the tale to every tree and flower, that she did not reach her destination until Streamlet had nearly discharged her thankless favors.

The story, however, was soon told, and, upon hearing it, Miss Larkspur was truly ashamed of her foolish conduct, and proved her humility by following the advice of Mrs. Hazel, who proposed an immediate reconciliation. Most humbly did Miss Larkspur bow her head, and request Streamlet to tarry, for she wished to speak with her.

Then there were soft whisperings heard, and Zephyr said that Streamlet and Miss Larkspur kissed most affectionately. There was a merry sound of laughter, too; it must have been Streamlet, for, a moment after, she was bounding joyously on her way, as gayly as if nothing had happened; playing with every leaf-shadow that fell upon her, tossing spray upon the pebbles, and glittering so brightly in the sunlight that her silver mantle seemed "strewn with crushed diamonds."

The Zephyr must have told the birds, too, for at that moment they sent forth a perfect gush of melody. The Flowers smiled, sending heavenward fragrant offerings, and Beauty and Happiness presided over the scene.

THE DEAF WIVES.

THE incident we are about to relate, occurred some years since, in the Granite State, and as we abide beyond striking distance of the parties and their immediate friends, we shall be a little more free in our description of the circumstances than we otherwise should be.

Nathaniel Ela, or "Uncle Nat," as he was generally called, was the corpulent, rubicund and jolly old landlord of the best hotel in the flourishing village of Dover, at the head of the Piscataqua, and was excessively fond of a bit of fun withal. He was also the owner of a large farm in New Durham, about twenty miles distant, the overseer of which was one Caleb Ricker, or "Boss Kale," as termed by the numerous hands under his control, and sufficiently waggish for all practical purposes of fun and frolic. Caleb, like a wise and prudent man, had a wife; and so had "Uncle Nat," who was accustomed to visit his farm every month or two, to see how matters went on. On the occasion of one of these visits the following dialogue occurred between Uncle Nat and Mistress Ricker.

"Mr. Ela," said the good lady, "why have you never brought Mrs. Ela out to see the farm and pay us a visit—I dare say she would be pleased to spend a day or two with us, and I would endeavor to render her stay, as pleasant and comfortable as possible.

"Why, to tell the truth, Mrs. Ricker," said Uncle Nat, "I have been thinking about it for some time, but then she is so *very deaf* as to render conversation with her extremely difficult—in fact, it requires the greatest effort to make her hear anything that is said to her; and she is consequently very reluctant to mingle in the society of strangers."

"Never mind that," replied the importunate Mrs. Ricker, "I have a good strong voice and if any body can make her hear, I can."

"If you think so, and will risk it," said Uncle Nat, "she shall accompany me on my next visit to the farm;" and this having been agreed on, Uncle Nat left the field, to acquaint Boss Kale with what had passed, and with the plan of future operations, touching the promised visit of his wife.

It was finally settled between the *wicked wags* that the fact that their wives could both hear, as well as anybody, should be kept a profound secret, until disclosed by a personal interview of the ladies themselves.

The next time Uncle Nat was about to "visit the farm," he suggested to his wife that a ride into the country would be of service to her; and that Mrs. Ricker, who had never seen her, was very anxious to receive a visit from her, and proposed that she should accompany him on that occasion. She readily consented, and they were soon on their journey. They had not, however, proceeded far, when Uncle Nat observed to her that he was sorry to inform her that Mrs. Ricker was extremely deaf, and she would be under the necessity of elevating her voice to the highest pitch, in order to converse with her. Mrs. Ela regretted the misfortune, but thought as she had a pretty strong voice she would be able to make her friend hear her. In a few hours after, Uncle Nat and his lady drove up to the door of his country mansion, and Boss Ricker, who had been previously informed of the time of Uncle Nat's intended arrival, was already in waiting to help enjoy the fun that was to come of at a meeting of the Deaf Wives! Mrs. Ricker not expecting them, happened to be engaged with her domestic duties in the kitchen; but, observing her visitors through the window, she flew to the glass to adjust her cap and put herself in the best trim to receive them that the moment would allow. In the mean time Boss Kale had ushered Uncle Nat and his lady into the parlor, by way of the front door, soon after which Mrs. R. appeared in the presence of her guests.

"Mrs. Ricker, I will make you acquainted with Mrs. Ela," roared Uncle Nat in a voice of thunder.

"How do you do, madam?" screamed Mrs. Ricker to Mrs. Ela, with her mouth close to the ear of the latter.

"Very well, I thank you," replied Mrs. E. in a tone of corresponding elevation.

"How did you leave your family?" continued Mrs. R., in a voice quite up to the pitch of her first effort.

"All very well, thank you—how's your family?" returned Mrs. E. in a key which called into requisition all the power of her lungs.

In the meantime Uncle Nat and Boss Kale, who were convulsed beyond the power of endurance, had quietly stolen out of the door, and re-

remained under the window, listening to the boisterous conversation of their deaf wives, which was continued on the same elevated letter of the staff for some time, when Mrs. R. in the same leger-line key she had observed from the first, thus addressed her lady guest.

"What on earth are you halloing to me for—I a'n't deaf?"

"A'n't you, indeed?" said Mrs. E., "but pray what are you halloing to me for—I am sure I'm not deaf?"

Each, then, came gradually down to her ordinary key, when a burst of laughter from Uncle Nat and Boss Kale, at the window, revealed the whole trick, and even the ladies themselves were compelled to join in the merriment they had afforded the outsiders, by the character of their interview.

A LOUD CERTIFICATE.

MISS Susan Nipper gives a loud certificate in favor of some of the popular patent medicines of the day. She was suffering from general debility, sick headache, heartburn, tape-worms, constipation, rheumatism in the back, shoulders, and hips, and besides these she didn't "feel very well herself more'n half the time." At length, she says, "I was brought very low, so that my most impudent friends did not know me, and the regular faculties did not expect me to live from one end to the other.

"About this time a friend recommended as a last resort, that I should try a few bottles of the Pictorial Oxenated Compound Saxifraga doubled distilled extract of Cherry Wine Bitters and Syrup of Huckleberry, satisfaction given or money refunded, to be well taken before shaken, destroy the label as soon as possible, *no pay no cure*, beware of counterfeits—none genuine unless the proprietor is on the wrapper. I took three dozen bottles of this truly invaluable medicine, and it gave immediate relief in three months."

Personally appeared the said Susan Nipper, as aforesaid, and swore to the foregoing, and said she would be darned—if it was n't true.

A LADY LAWYER.

WHO, after reading the following, which we cut from the London Athenæum, will doubt the naturalness of Portia's character, or the wisdom of Shakspeare in making his most learned and eloquent doctor of laws a lady?

"The advocates of the rights of women and upholders of equality between the sexes have had a new argument furnished curiously in favor of their theories by a French lady Madame Grange, who pleaded last week for her sister and herself in an intricate case before the *Tribunal de la chambre*, in Paris, against M. Delangle, one of the cleverest practitioners at the French bar. The case was one of figures and accounts—bristling with legal difficulties—a perfect porcupine of points of law—all of which the lady, after untying her bonnet, and depositing carefully her parasol, handled with dexterity and evident familiarity, arguing with unaffected ease and technical language for the space of three hours. She then summed up her case with remarkable clearness and concision, to the admiration of the whole—and perhaps the secret annoyance of a part—of the legal public present. M. Delangle required all his acuteness and knowledge of the law to parry the attacks of his feminine ad-

versary—whom he more than once designated in his rejoinder, as his "learned brother." Judgement was not given—but it is said that the "self protected female is likely to gain her suit."

A PRECOCIOUS YOUTH.

SOME time during the last year, a young sprig of the law was admitted to the Suffolk Bar. His father, a prudent old codger, thereupon gave him a hundred dollars to purchase his books, and told him that was all he could hope for from him;—but, with industry, prudence, and the immediate enforcement of all sums that might be his due, he had no doubt that he would get along.

A few days after, the old man dropped into John's office and borrowed fifteen dollars of the money he had given him, promising to pay it by twelve o'clock of the next day.

"All right, dad," says John, give me your memorandum."

The next day at twelve, pa did not appear, and John served a writ upon him, and put a keeper in his house, just as the old gentleman was about sitting down to his dinner.

That is what we call an instance of sharp practice.

GOOD RULES AND GOOD MANAGEMENT.

ONE of the best farmers in the State of New York has the following rules and regulations agreed to by every man he hires.

It is expected that all persons on the farm of ———, will carefully attend to the following system:

- Regularity in hours.
- Punctuality in cleaning and putting away implements.
- Humanity to animal.
- Neatness and cleanliness in personal appearances.
- Decency in deportment and conversation.
- Implicit obedience to the proprietor and foreman.
- Ambition to learn and excel in farming.
- No liquor or strong drink of any kind to be allowed.

POOR WEAK WOMAN.—Miss Susan Nipper, who lives in a small tenement, a lone woman, was quite "flustered" the other morning by an early call from a bachelor neighbor.

"What did you come here after?" said Miss Nipper.

"I came to borrow matches," he meekly replied.

"Matches! That's a likely story. Why don't you make a match? I know what you come for," cried the exasperated old virgin, as she backed the bachelor into a corner. "You come here to hug and kiss me almost to death! But you shan't—without you're the strongest, and the Lord knows you are!"

MAXIMS OF ORDER AND NEATNESS.

1. PERFORM every operation in the proper season.
2. Perform every operation in the best manner.
3. Complete every part of an operation as you proceed.
4. Finish one job before you begin another.

5. Secure your work and tools in an orderly manner.

6. Clean every tool when you leave off work.

7. Return every tool and implement to its place at night.

IT is said of the Marquis of Townsend, that when a young man engaged in battle, he saw a drummer at his side killed by a cannon ball, which scattered his brains in every direction. His eyes were at once fixed on the ghastly object, which seemed wholly to engross his thoughts.

A superior officer observing him, supposed he was intimidated by the sight, and addressed him in a manner to cheer his spirits.

"Oh," said the young Marquis with calmness but severity. "I am only puzzled to make out how any man with such a quantity of brains ever came to be here."

MANY persons are looked upon as great because those around them are small.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1851.

A WORD TO OUR PATRONS.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

WILL Post-Masters, and others who receive this number of the Rural Repository, be so kind as to lend us a little of their aid in our efforts to increase our Subscription List.

Taking into account its age, and the superior excellence of the original and selected Articles forming its contents, we apprehend that those persons who wish to take a *Literary Periodical*, cannot do much better than to send us their names.

It is now a very favorable time to subscribe, as the new and cheap Postage law has just commenced operations; so that the postage on the Repository will be only 10 cents within 50 miles 20 cents over 50 and less than 300 miles 30 cents over 300 and less than 1000 miles, etc., per annum,—which, it will be perceived, is a considerable reduction on the former high rates.

If our Subscribers will interest themselves for us enough to obtain one new subscriber each, it no more, they will aid the Editor and benefit themselves at the same time. We should feel much encouraged at such a manifestation of favor, and be prompted thereby to use our utmost endeavor to make such improvements, as shall cause our Work to rank by the side of the stately Publications of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

We would add that for \$2 00, we will forward 4 copies of the Rural for one year, commencing at the present time, or with the volume, as it may be desired.

MARRIAGES.

At Albany, June 18th, by the Rev. H. L. Starks A. M. Daniel D. Bucklin W. D. of Brunswick Rens. Co. N. Y. to Miss Normina daughter of T. W. Newcomb M. D. of Albany. At Coxsack on the 26th ult. by the Rev. M. Seaman, John B. Briggs of this city to Marinda I. daughter of Jonas Parker, of the former place.

DEATHS.

On the 29th ult. at the residence of his brother, in Salisbury, Ct. of Dropsy, Herman B. Bushnell, aged 43 years. At Albany, on Friday evening the 4th inst. William Horace Brown, Senator from the First District aged 42 years. On Sunday 6th inst. Mrs. Catharine, relict of the late Prosper Hosmer, aged 90 years. In Gotham Me. 8th ult. Mr. James McIntosh, aged 83. In this city, on the 2d inst. Anna D. daughter of William and Lydia A. French, aged 10 months and 9 days.

The early germ of innocence
Just budding into view,
Has been transferred to other realms
Its fulness to pursue.

Then weep not friends, that Anna's gone
Hence, from your longing sight,
'Twas mercy's ministry to shield
Her soul from future blight.

Untainted by the sinful breath
Of this polluted sphere,
She'll bloom in health and purity
'Neath a kind Saviour's care.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

COMPLAINT OF CAIN.

And Cain said unto the Lord, My punishment is greater than I can bear. Gen. iv : 13.

PURSUED by thy avenging wrath,
A sad and wandering exile driven
Through savage wilds, a dreary path,
Not e'en the bliss of safety given—
"T is more than I can bear!
From parents' smiles, from parents' doom,
From kindred, all the joys of home,
A hated fugitive to roam—
My place of refuge—where?
What sheltering covert shall contain
The woes, the guilt, of wretched Cain?

If, where the rising sun surveys
A hated wilderness unknown,
Where the devouring lion preys,
And woods with ruthless tigers grown,—
If thither I must go!
The endless scorn of all I see,
And oh, forsaken, abhorred by thee,
Victim of dire remorse to be,—
And unregarded woe!
What kindly soothing voice again,
Shall calm the grief of wretched Cain?

Oh, worse than demon's deadly wrath,
A brother's blood pursues me still,
His groans awake in every gale,
And echoed are from every hill;
So foul the deed I've done!
When men my lathed existence see,
Abhorred by all, accursed of thee,
In vengeance will they murder me,
Before to-morrow's sun!
Nor peace—nor safety—more remain,
To ease the pangs of wretched Cain!

FRIENDS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living, or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of Time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown—
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,—
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

BY ISAAC COBB.

THINK you there can be on the earth
A spot more dear than Childhood's home,
To those who seek the halls of mirth,
Or in a distant country roam?

Especially if that sweet place
Be blessed with valley, lawn, and wood,
Where oft at evening Luna's face
Hath charmed the soul to pensive mood,—

Shall ever Memory refuse
With magic hand to sweep the lyre,
And bring forth numbers that the Muse
May catch and tremblingly admire?

Our native woods! We freely strayed,
When Childhood smiled along our way,
Among their bowers, beneath their shade,
On many a pleasant Summer-day!

The streamlets that so smoothly flow
The old gray mossy rocks beside,
Were dearer once to all, I trow,
Than now is Tiber's classic tide.

The woods, the brooklets, and the bowers,
Where Youth so fondly loved to play,
Alas! resemble Autumn's flowers
That gladden but to glide away.

Yet shall we e'er those scenes forget,
Though far remote our lines be cast,
Till Phœbus ceases to rise and set,
And nature's glory shall have passed?

No! rather wealth and fame resign
To dire Oblivion's murky wave,
And wreaths of withering leaflets twine,
To decorate Ambition's grave!

MEMORY.

BY W. MACKWORTH FRANK.

STAND on a funeral mound,
Far, far from all that love thee!
With a barren heath around,
And a cypress bower above thee;
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets,
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Sleep where the thunders fly
Across the tossing billow;
Thy canopy the sky,
And the lonely deck thy pillow:
And dream, while the chill sea-foam
In mockery dashes o'er thee,
Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
And the kiss of her that bore thee.

Watch in the deepest cell
Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
Till hope's most cherished spell
Has lost its cheering power;
And sing, while the galling chain
On every stiff limb freezes,
Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
Of the breath of the mountain breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
The warrior's high endeavour,
When the honied lips are mute,
And the strong arm crushed forever:
Look back to the summer sun,
From the mist of dark December;
Then say to the broken hearted one,
"T is pleasant to remember!"

SUMMER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE Spring's gay promise melted into thee,
Fair Summer! and thy gentle reign is here;
The emerald robes are on each leafy tree;
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear;
And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—
They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales, that wander from the unclouded west,
Are burdened with the breath of countless fields;
They team with incense from the green earth's breast,
That up to heaven its grateful odour yields;
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird,
By nature's aspect into rapture wild.

In such a scene the sun-illuminated heart
Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,
When through its bars the morning glories dart,
And forest-anthems in his hearing swell—
And, like the heaving of the voiceful sea,
His panting bosom labours to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
O, Summer! in my inmost soul arise
Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
And the bland air with its soft melodies;—
Till basking in some vision's glorious ray,
I long for eagle's plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,
And the impure, unholy thoughts that cling
To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride:
I would soar upward, on unfettered wing,
Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies,
Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies!

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